AN

ELEGY,

Inscribed to the

DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

οὐ οἱ ἀκμὴ ἀμυνομένῳ περὶ πάτρης
Τεθνάμεν.

HOMER L. XV. [illegible].

EDINBURGH.
HAMILTON & BALFOUR
M.DCC.XLVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Elegy was occaſioned by the Rumour that the Gentleman, who is the Subject of it, had fallen in the late Battle of Falkirk. *From the Inequality of the Meaſure in ſome Paſſages, from the making Uſe of ſome old Words, ſuch as* Ruth *for* Pity, *and* Meed *for* Reward, *and from many of the Alluſions, it will eaſily be conjectur'd, that the Author has had in his Eye, the* Lycidas *of* Milton.

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AN ELEGY.

WHY ſwells my heart? Why flows the painful tear?
I've loſt no friend, I have not ſeen the bier
Of any dear relation; only *He*,
Who had no friend, no dear relation near,
When in the *Publick Cauſe* he did expire,
To cloſe his eyes, his ſtreaming wounds to ſee,
To ſee him welt'ring in the bloody field,
He bids my heart melodious ſorrows yield.

And THE bright Virgin, whoſe celeſtial ſmile
To all of earth, ſea, air, to mankind chief
Makes life a bleſſing, elſe a tedious toil,
All worſhip'd FREEDOM! hallow thou my grief;
And on my tongue, O bid ſome plaintive muſe
Her ſofteſt airs infuſe;
For *He* is dead, TH——N, thy darling ſon
Is dead, thy victim! ah to me unknown,
Yet not unenvy'd, *He* thy victim fell,
Juſt as his manly age ſucceeded youth,
When by old *Camilon* * with hideous yell
A rebel crew that ne'er felt kindly ruth,
Down the ſteep hill with headlong fury ran
And ſpilt the blood of many a gallant man.

Long

* The name of an ancient city, ſituated on the banks of the river *Carron*, near the field where the battle was fought, perhaps the *Camelodunum* mentioned by *Tacitus*. The Remains of it are hardly to be diſtinguiſhed at this day.

Long in * *Brigantium*'s fertile plains, at eaſe,
Remote from court or camp, he ſpent the day,
As *England*'s ſons were wont, when ſmiling Peace,
And wiſe *Elizabeth* the throne did ſway.
What time the ſun the early mountains gilds,
Each morn beheld him, in the ſeaſons round:
He rang'd his trees; he chear'd his verdant fields;
Whether with foſſee deep, and thorny mound,
Or with high walls, encompaſſing his flocks.
Sometimes, the ſhepherds Dread, the wily fox,
His gallant courſer fetching active bounds,
With eager joy he follow'd; while his hounds
Sagacious of the murd'rer's ſteps, behind
Their angry muſic utter'd to the wind.

Plain

* The old *Britiſh* name of *York*.

Plain *Engliſh* fare adorn'd his plenteous board;
And friends and neighbours, *Welcome*, was the word;
While generous liquor every lip did ſhare,
And healthy mirth extinguiſh'd every care.
No foreign dainties were by them deſir'd;
But *England*'s glory ev'ry boſom fir'd.
His tenants and his ſervants bleſs'd the ſight,
And milk and honey flow'd on all alike.
Thus *Th——n* liv'd till that dire feind aroſe,
Impure *Rebellion*, ſprung of him who firſt
Celeſtial breaſts embroil'd with civil woes;
And by her ſide, *Diſcord*, her child accurſt,
Who feeds her often with the precious blood
That ſon from father, friend from friend hath ſhed,
With ſtern direction on the mountains ſtood,
And over *Albion* foul contagion ſpread.

Then worthy *Th——n* did thy boſom burn
With honeſt indignation; Then the power
Of patriot zeal, inſpir'd thee to partake
Thy country's danger, and, in evil hour,
Thy tender wife, and mother to forſake,
Forſake 'em weeping, never to return!
Not hir'd with gold he ſought the dang'rous field,
Not mov'd with hate, not with ambition's mind;
But all the force he ſummon'd, uncompell'd,
His Gold cou'd purchaſe, his Perſuaſion bind.
" Reſt now he ſaid, now reſt the works of peace,
" 'Till waſting war, and bloody tumult ceaſe.
" Riſe up ye bending reapers. Now enlarge
" The ſullen ox, ye lab'rers, from the yoke.
" Ye early ſhepherds, leave your bleating charge;
" And let the mower's ſcythe forget the ſtroke.

" Gird on your ſwords, the ſudden muſquet weild:
" Defend the plains, which ye ſo oft have till'd.
" In this fair cauſe, whoever glorious dies,
" Be it my charge, to dry his widow's eyes;
" My charge to nurſe his orphans tender years,
" To chear their hearts, and baniſh all their fears."
---But ah ſtern fate! his pious cares are vain,
Himſelf the firſt muſt bite the ſandy plain.
A ſightly troop to *Carron*'s banks he led —
But now through *Edin*'s ſtreets, afar from home,
Unown'd they wander, and their viſage ſad,
A living Monument! proclaims his doom.
---Where ſhall they go? to whom their grief commend?
Their leader's ſlain, their maſter, and their friend.
What precious drops ſhall they prepare to ſhed,
When his fair conſort ſtarting from her bed,

" Return'd ſhe cries? ah my forebоding fears!
" Where is my lord ?---ſhe ſees their ſilent tears!

Now fade ye flourets, weep ye tufted trees,
Languiſh ye flocks, along the fruitful *Tees*.
---Ah rugged iron-age! The Lambkins play
The flourets bloom, and all the trees look gay:
Not as e'er while, when ſtreams forgot to flow,
And ev'ry plant would bleed for human woe.

Ye young ey'd virgins of fair *Albion*'s iſle,
Where were your wiſhes, where your ſoft alarms?
Why did the ſword your tender vows beguile,
And wound the heart that fought to guard your charms?
Why did ye not implore the rugged ſtorm,
That cloak'd in night deform,
With howling blaſt accompliſh'd the fell deed?
---Who fights for beauty, ſeeks another meed!

I mean not you, who ſpend th' abhorred night,
Ye cruel females, in the dire delight
Of wizard wiſhes for a *wand'ring boy*,
Who ne'er gives woman joy,
But does in purpoſe dark, his ſullen hours employ.
The ſavage breaſt which no kind pity moves,
With looks uncouth, will ſcare the tender loves:
Then warn'd by times, this fatal rage give o'er,
Leſt heart-held ſpite look out at ev'ry pore,
Infect the colour, faſhion ev'ry limb,
Crack the ſoft voice, and bid the eye be dim.
But why ſhould I bewail with vain lament,
That *Th——n*, *G——r*, *Wh——y*, or *M——ro*,
Before their time to heav'nly bliſs are ſent,
Leaving unworthy men, to live below?

Ah

Ah let me rather for my Country mourn, 11

Unhappy *Britain*, faireſt queen of iſles!

Thy ſacred plains, ah when will peace adorn,

And bleſs thy children, with her gentle ſmiles?

Swarm'd from the north, behold a motley crew,

Of king-mad bigots, prieſts and deſperades,

With impious fury ſeeking to renew,

By civil tumults, or by foreign aids,

Dark ſuperſtition, arbitrary ſway;

And all the rights of freemen to betray!

See at their head a *St——t*'s outcaſt name,

Who reſts on lineal tyranny his claim!

See *Gallic* policy, *Iberian* pride,

Italian craft, and *prieſtly* inſolence,

With greedy looks the ſceepter long to guide,

And baniſh pure religion, taſte, and ſenſe!

I ſee the hated monſters riſe,
I ſee them paſs before my eyes:
What mighty arm will this dire rout oppoſe,
And when will *Britain* reſt from civil woes?
Thus ſung I plaintive to the liſt'ning waves,
While azure *Forth* remurmur'd to my moan;
Upon the ſandy beach my feet he laves,
And with my ſorrows, mixes kind his own.
The golden ſun along the glimm'ring tide,
His broad eye levels with continu'd blaze:
The ſleek-hair'd ſiſters on the ſurface glide,
And *Proteus'* herd their diſs'nant voices raiſe.
Pleas'd with th' unuſual ſight, I ſtop, I gaze;
My tongue, half-utter'd-drops the tuneful lay:
And ſtraight, Behold, the trembling waves divide,
The glitt'ring throng forget their frothy play;

When on the boſom of the deep appear'd,
The aweful *Genius* of the *Britiſh* iſles:
My nightly dreams had often ſeen his ſmiles,
And his kind accents oft my ſoul had chear'd.
Emblems of power he held, by land and flood,
And all around him freedom's bleſſings ſtood.
" Fear not my ſon, he ſaid, and bid me raiſe
" My head which lowly to the ground was bow'd;
" The man you weep, well merits all your praiſe;
" But ſtill he lives, by pious nymphs conceal'd
" Near *Camilon*'s ſweet field,
" Unſeen, tho' compaſs'd by a hoſtile crowd.
" Nor fear, that aught my iſland ſhall enthral,
" Or rebel children, or a foreign hoſt,
" While I ſuch Heroes boaſt:
" ---By *Virtue* pillar'd, *Britain* ne'er can fall.

" Now the ſixth *Moon*, high in her ſilver car,
" Hath ſeen *Rebellion* wage an impious war,
" Deform my fertile plains with civil blood,
" And with pollution frighten every flood.
" Now big with vain ſucceſs and wicked pride,
" They reign already, and the ſpoils divide.
" But ah! heav'n's ways are hid from human-kind;
" How ſhort their triumph? and their joy how blind?
" Sent for a while they ſcourge a guilty land;
" Their uſe fulfill'd, their end is near at hand.
" Behold a heroe of a warlike line,
" His fame already floats along the Rhine:
" His youthful valour *Gaul* hath ſeen with fear,
" And ſeeking reſpite, ſtirs ſedition here:
" *He* ſoon, rebellion's children will diſmay,
" And ſcatter all their glory far away.

" Con-

" Confound their councils, turn their joy to ſhame,
" And every tongue ſhall eccho WILLIAM's name.
Thus ended the *Bright Guardian*, in my ear
Leaving ſweet ſound, and vaniſh'd from my ſight.
The *Sun* down ſummon'd his laſt lagging rear;
And *Silence* drew the ſable veil of Night.

FINIS.

[I M I]